



Inside the Head of an Ordinary Human



👁 170 ✓ 13 ⭐ 18

Chapter 1 by Kat Hy

Is the universe really infinite? It can't actually be infinite, there can't be enough space for the infinity. Does that even make sense? There has to be another planet with living organisms on it if the universe is so big. What if a planet was created exactly the same way as Earth and it also orbited a 'sun' and had a moon and everything was the exact same. Would it be like a parallel world? Would there be parallel versions of all the living organisms on Earth on that 'parallel planet'?

Chapter 2 by Kendall



The bell rang and jerked me from my thoughts. Crap, did I really day dream through another lecture? My grades are already shit. My physics teacher, Mr. Houle, started to approach me. The rest of the class fled from the scene, and I was his only remaining pupil.

"Miss Pollock, thank you for participating today," Houle paced his way over to the desk next to mine, and swung his long legs over the seat.

"I... I'm sorry. I know, I--," I could feel my face grow red.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[Login](#) or [Create new account](#)

"Sorry, Houle. I'll try to pay more attention," I say sheepishly. I really need to get my shit together.

"You're one of my best students, Syd. Is there something on your mind?"

To tell, or not to tell, that is the question here. Mr. Houle is my favorite teacher, not to mention that he teaches my favorite subject as well, but I'd definitely be deemed crazy if I admit to him what I was contemplating.

"Here, I have something for you," he stirs, and pushes himself from the small desk. He walks over to a metal filing cabinet in the back of the classroom and shuffles around for something before turning to face me. He's holding a shiny brochure with the solar system on the front.

"I only have a few of these," he hands me the pamphlet. "I volunteered here last summer," he points to the title that reads: A. Wigmar Cosmology Research Facility. "The people there are really great. They invited me to aid them with some privately funded research. I think you'd like it."

I look up at Houle, his smile lines around his nose are deep. The only times he smiles are when he teaches physics and when he puts a kid in their place without stuttering.

"I'll be busy this summer," I unconvincingly persist.

"There's a new research program that they're opening up to graduating students. Syd, I really think it'd be your kind of place."

I give him my best "thank you, I'm interested and I'll look into it" smile, and shrug, trying to shove the brochure into my bag without crumpling it.

"I'll write you a pass then?"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

caught my attention.

Aubrey Wigmar Cosmology Research Facility. Hmm. I flipped through the book to find out who this Aubrey chick was. A section of the pages were littered with old photographs of a middle aged woman. In some she was smiling, in others she was receiving awards and shaking hands with men in suits.

She was a German astronomer and physicist who had devoted her career to studying the formation of the universe. I kept reading as the images became cemented in my head.

In the back of the book I found the program that Houle had mentioned. There were multiple sections offering scholarships, senior exit projects, and internships. One offer did catch my eye:

"INTRODUCTION TO COSMOLOGY: Exploring YOUR Parallel Universe!"

Chapter 3 by Victoria



My parallel universe? Sounds like a load of something special. I read through the details on the matter, and see that aside from the fact that my grades are lacking (I can't help it if my mind suddenly goes off to a far away land every class) it's perfect for me.

Just for the heck of it, I continue to read it through. Noticing many programs I would normally love to join.

But recently, my mind has been ten thousand miles away, thinking about the time space paradox, and aliens that could be on other worlds. Even creating my own alien language interpretation device, and making technology so that we can have gravity on ships in space for easier exploration.

But no matter, I will just have to start re-focusing my mind to the important matters, such as schooling, and making sure I don't accidentally slip into a coma because of acute clumsiness (which happens to run in my family.)

From the outside, I'm popular, smart and graceful. In people who know me, I'm everything but. Everyone hates me, I am smart, but I'm clumsy, I'm not popular, and I'm very skilled at tripping over air.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

And although I love science, and it's one thing i'm amazing at, the world already has too many scientists. Not to mention I don't want to be cooped up in a lab (although it's probably the best thing for me) I want to be out there, doing science where I can see, up close, what i'm meant to be studying.

But i'm still in school, and I can't really chose my job either way. I can send me resume into what ever job, and they chose me.

I start pondering The ever so (not) infinite universe, as I slowly drift off into a science filled slumber.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

Also See more of Story Wars 

Login

or

Create new account